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"THIS TIME I'LL COOK MY GOOSE FOR SURE."

DESPERATE EFFORT TO GET UP A FIRE IN THE OLD STOVE.

Nov. 4TH, 1884—Please omit Flowers.

AMERICANVS SVM

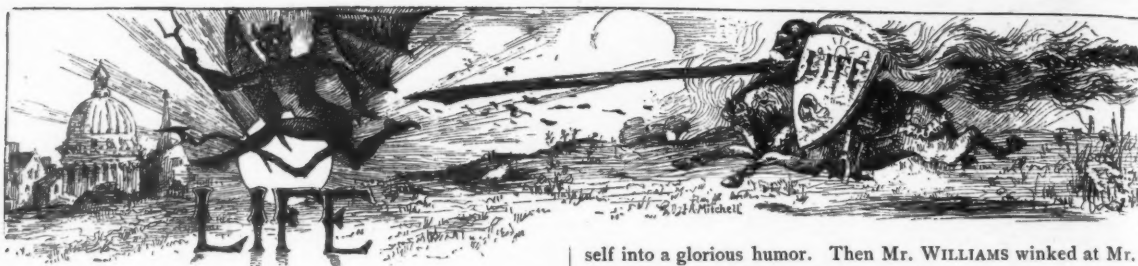
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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

FOR three weeks, until last Saturday, the Thompson Street POKER CLUB had had no session. This was partly due to the fact that the proprietor of the building had sordidly closed the room and kicked Mr. GUS. JOHNSON, the treasurer, down stairs on learning that, owing to some inexplicable phenomenon not understood by the Club, the kitty had not yielded enough to pay for the kerosene, much less the rent.

As a regular rake on two pairs and upward had been made, for a month, this delinquency amazed the Club. Various scientific theories were advanced, among them one involving a search of Mr. JOHNSON's private pockets and bootleg, but investigation had shown them to be false. An inspection of the table drawer was then made. It was shown that a knot-hole existed in the bottom thereof, large enough to admit of the insertion of two fingers or the abstraction of three dollars, which was the amount of the missing kitty. It was also demonstrated that the knot-hole had been in perihelion, so to speak, with Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS. Therefore, while it was clear that the money was hopelessly gone, it was impossible to account for its absence upon any other theory than that offered by Mr. WILLIAMS himself that "de mice done smell dat las' welch rabbit offen Mr. JOHNSON's fingahs on de bills, an' run off wid it." This explanation was received in lieu of a better; the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH paid the rent and assumed charge of the kitty until he should be reimbursed; Mr. JOHNSON magnanimously forgave the gentleman who had kicked him down-stairs. Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS expressed his belief in Mr. JOHNSON's integrity as Treasurer, and all was again harmony.

Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES, for a moderate percentage, had volunteered to steer his brother-in-law against the game, and, to use a technical expression, blow him in for all he was worth. The gentleman in question was a Hoboken barber with a steady income, a total ignorance of draw-poker, a child-like confidence and other advantages of mind and person which impressed Mr. WILLIAMS favorably.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH instructed the neophyte in those fundamental principles known as "coming in," "straddling," "rising," and "sweetnin' de jacker," and by tacit consent he was allowed to win some small successive pots and thus got him-

self into a glorious humor. Then Mr. WILLIAMS winked at Mr. GUS JOHNSON, and that gentlemen dealt.

"Mr. WILLIAMS had straddled the blind and the Rev. Mr. SMITH straddled him. All came in, and drew three cards apiece except the stranger, Mr. HIGHLAND DILSEY, who only wanted one. Mr. WILLIAMS bet a dollar. Mr. SMITH raised him two.

Professor BRICK called, as did also Mr. WHIFFLES. All eyes were upon Mr. DILSEY, and the silence was so profound that Mr. JOHNSON could hear his hair grow.

"Does yo' jess—jess call, Mistah DILSEY," inquired Mr. WILLIAMS with a sweet smile, "or does yo' rise it?"

Mr. DILSEY passed his cards in review, hesitated, and said:

"Kin I rise it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. WILLIAMS, who had a great deal of benevolence and also three kings. "Rise it all yo' want."

Thus encouraged, Mr. DILSEY raised the pot six dollars. Everybody breathed hard with suppressed excitement, and Mr. JOHNSON's eyes might have served for a hat rack. Mr. WILLIAMS raised back and Mr. SMITH raised him. The others, according to previous agreement, fled.

Mr. DILSEY called. Whad yo' got to beat two par?" he inquired.

"Is sev'ral big, fat smilin' kings any good?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS, kindly. "Kin a spade flisk, queen high, do nuffin?" queried the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"Shome up," said Mr. DILSEY, apparently nursing his left foot.

Mr. WILLIAMS unfolded his private collection of royalty, and Mr. SMITH exhibited a panorama of spades which reflected great credit upon Mr. JOHNSON's dealing.

"Ise sorry, Mist'ah DILSEY," observed Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Dad's de way wif cyards," remarked the Rev. Mr. SMITH, sententiously. "Gamblin's onsartin."

Mr. DILSEY spoke not, but began to count up the pot.

"Wha—whad yo' doin' wif de spondles?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Leggo my pot!" commanded Mr. SMITH.

Mr. DILSEY coolly rolled up the bills and inserted them in an abyss under his vest, and then swept the coppers and Mr. WHIFFLES' plated watch chain into his pocket.

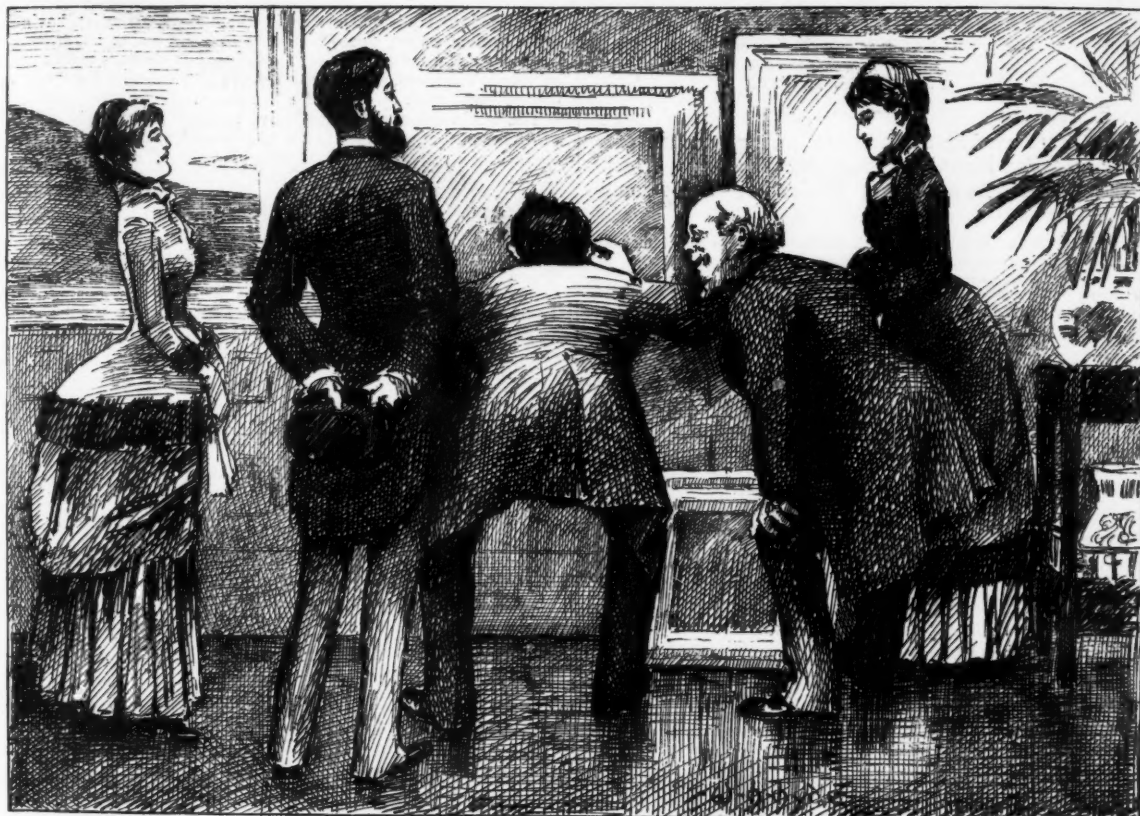
"Look hyar, niggahs," he said, in a tone which made Mr. JOHNSON feel like a refrigerator, "I 'se from Hoboken, an' I 'se a barbah. When a Hoboken barbah comes ter Thoms'n street, he kerries his profession wif him. I 'se got bofe boot legs an' a hip pocket full er de implements ob de craff. Yo' hear me?"

All signified by silence that they heard. Then Mr. DILSEY laid down three jacks and a pair of sixes, and coldly jammed Mr. WHIFFLES' hat down over his eyes and quitted the room.

The Club sat stricken for three minutes. Then the door slowly reopened and Mr. DILSEY's voice sounded sepulchrally:

"Dar's no suckahs in Hoboken."

With that, he vanished.



MR. DOUBLEDOLLAR AS A PICTURE COLLECTOR.

Mr. D. (triumphantly showing his new \$50,000 Meissonnier to celebrated Art Critic): YOU MIGHT NOT THINK IT, BUT THAT PICTURE IS ALL HAND-PAINTED! MR. NODDLEBOX GUARANTEES IT.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SURELY the gods are gracious. They design
Sweet Arabella for my valentine,
And to that end seductively rehearse
Within my ears her many charms of purse.
Why should I flout her that she is not fair?
Her fortune's ample and she has to spare;
And though she boasts, instead of grace and youth,
Some glaring falsities of hair and tooth,
What man could help but love her—if he knew
That she is worth a million, maybe two?

Then, Arabella, listen to my prayer.
Behold me! On my bended knees I swear,
That as the constant needle towards the pole,
So turns to you my hope, my heart, my soul.
Without you, life is poverty and prose—
The cruel thorn without the tender rose.
With you, a dream of love and peace and sense
(And dollars, too. Her income is immense.)
Sweetheart, smile on me. Let me call you mine,
And own me (in your will) your valentine!

M. E. W.

A CHECK book—"Don't."

A SLAY ride—The Charge of the Light Brigade.

"THE Equine Paradox"—that top speed cannot long be maintained without bottom.

"THE city must put its foot down on such corruption," shrieks an excited contemporary. But it can't, you know. Corporations have no soles.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? "That depends on the liver." No, it does n't. That answer is too Elizabethan for this day and generation. It depends on the editor.

IT is said that a pretzel eleven years old is just as eatable as when it is fresh baked. Well, we should think so; we do n't suppose the difference of a hundred years in the age of a pretzel makes a particle of difference in its excellence as an article of food.

HAPPY ANGLOMANIACS.

A CONGENIAL SPORT.

WE are confident that the following account of a "Fox Hunt," clipped from a daily paper, will cause our readers a thrill of admiration—or of something else :

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—The little Jersey village of Williamstown is wrathfully excited over the torturing of a fox by some so-called sportsmen, a brief account of which was published in the *Times* this morning. The story as told by trustworthy witnesses, is almost too cruel for belief.

* * * * *

A steel trap at Mays Landing caught a fox. It broke the hind leg of the fox at the same time, but that was of no consequence. Elmer Hurff, one of the sportsmen of Williamstown, caught him, and the animal was sent to Williamstown and lodged in a pen behind the Washington House. He could n't walk. Below the knee joint the trap had lacerated the flesh and exposed the bones and tendons. Two weeks' quiet recuperation put the fox on his feet, but with his legs still unhealed. That leg was useless. Wednesday was the day fixed for the great hunt, and a large crowd from the surrounding towns and villages was present.

* * * * *

The hunting party halted in Squankin Meadow. Batcheler put down the bag, the horses began to get restive, the hounds struggled in the leash—the fox stood still. Cowering down upon his haunches, the poor animal looked bewilderingly from side to side, dazed and helpless. His brush was shaven to a stump "to facilitate his movements," explained the whip. The sight was pitiable, but the hunters grew impatient. "Stir her up," they yelled, and some one pulled out a flask and covered the animal with turpentine. Then he broke for cover. The hunters yelled, the horses sprang forward, the fox ran with a curious, sidelong lope, dragging his broken leg in sheer helplessness. Before reaching the brush he stopped again and rolled himself as if in agony on the sere winter grass. A storm of howls expressed the disappointment of the crowd, but the fox was obstinate. He wouldn't budge. The hunters yelled and swore. Smarting under another application of the biting turpentine, the fox broke again, and, springing down an embankment, went loping into the thicket. In a moment the hounds were loosed and plunged into the brush, followed by the army of horsemen. The wounded fox brought to bay faced the yelping hounds that followed him. With a rush the dogs were upon him. A short, sharp struggle, a sound of tearing flesh and crunching bones, and the little chase lay dead and mangled. The barbarous occurrence has excited wide-spread indignation. Those who were engaged in it are making haste to deny the story, but it is abundantly established by eye-witnesses.

TO the Editor of LIFE: I observe that some of your contemporaries are vexing the old question as to the meaning of the couplet :

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Several great critics have before now endeavored to give meaning to the lines by suggesting other readings of them. Among these variants, the following have been proposed :

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which he picked, naked, from his grandsire's son."

This is Dr. Johnson's version, and it certainly makes sense; meaning simply that, when the Prince stole his father's (his grandsire's son's) painted vest, he, the Prince, was naked, and, of course, was earnestly desirous of procuring some clothing, however slight. The Prince's conduct may have been unfilial, but, under the circumstances, it cannot be looked upon as wholly inexcusable.

Another variant, suggested by Saint Simon, is subjoined :

"A vest of paint Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

At first blush this seems somewhat obscure, although there is this to be said in its favor—namely, that, inasmuch as we speak of "a coat of paint," there is no good reason why we should not speak also of a "vest of paint;" and, indeed, in old times what we now call a coat, was known as a vest. A vest, therefore (or a coat), of paint might easily have been won in a game of euchre from a naked Pict, who would then, by the terms of the wager,

be obliged to lay it on, just as in these days, an artist, having lost a similar wager, would be forced to paint a sign advertising the winner's business. Such a "vest" may easily have been worn by Prince Vortigern, as similar things are now worn by the "sandwiches" who walk up and down Broadway.

The last version that I shall give is Lord Macaulay's, and it will be seen that, contrary to his usual practice, his Lordship lets his feeling for sense run away with his sense for rhyme. This variant is as follows :

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked one his grandsire picked."

"It is indeed difficult," says Lord Macaulay, "to imagine how it would be feasible to pick the pocket of a naked one; but we are not forced to believe that such an act was here committed. The vest may have been picked from under the naked one's arm as he was running away with it. It must be noticed also that, like the ancient Thyrsagetae and Sogdianians, the Danes and Picts were a light-fingered gentry."

JAMES DAVIS.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

AT a recent meeting of a club of distinguished and literary persons in this city, Monsignor Capel gave a very profound exposition of the dogmas upon which the Church of Rome rests.

It was a nineteenth century discourse. From him we must learn that the Church of Rome is possessed of a most convenient memory. It is protean, chameleon, evanescent, elusive—if we are to judge it by its famous expounder. On this occasion it was nineteenth-century and progressive, liberal and assumptive.

It was expected that the Monsignor would tread gingerly upon the subject of reason. As a rule, the Ecumenical Councils have been somewhat at war with thought, and violently at loggerheads with progress. The Monsignor, with a grasp which did credit to his hand, and an audacity which certainly glorified his heart, said :

"The Catholic Church holds that every man is endowed with reason and with the right to use that reason in the working out of his salvation." Later on he said : "She is the Mother of Science."

The beautiful consistency of this is best shown by a reversion to history, and the exhibition of the few brief facts following.

Among the canons promulgated by the Vatican Council of 1870 were these :

I. "Let him be anathema, who shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine.

II. "Let him be anathema, who shall say that it may at any time come to pass, in the progress of science, that the doctrines set forth by the Church must be taken in another sense than that in which the Church has ever received and yet receives them."

To apply these lovely and progressive principles, which, be it remembered, were formulated by dear MOTHER CHURCH not fourteen years ago, and made articles of faith, let us burrow into history a little further.

In the 2d Century, Ptolemy gave to the world his "Syntaxis," a profound, lucid and most scientific work, which set forth brilliantly the fact that the earth was a flat, fixed body, around which the sun, moon, stars and planets revolved once in 24 hours. This doctrine—which lately has been re-formulated by the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Virginia, who asserts that "de sun do move"—was at once accepted by Mother Church as nicely suited to her geocentric views and her doctrines of the vast claim of earth, man and herself upon divine attention.



AT THE CLUB.

Young Pilkins (to visiting country cousin who has waxed confidential under champagne): AND SO YOU SAY SHE IS TWENTY-EIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T THINK SHE'LL HAVE YOU, EH? WELL, YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP IN THE COUNTRY!

For fourteen hundred years this doctrine was proudly held by this Mother of Science, and all disputes concerning it were promptly settled with a quotation or two from Lactantius or Augustine, two beatified gentlemen, whose notions of all matters pertaining to Rome and the Universe were compulsorily regarded as the correct wrinkle.

Three wicked men then arose—Christopher Columbus, Copernicus and Galileo. Christopher Columbus held that the earth was round. Copernicus expressed a belief that the earth and planets circled around the sun. Galileo is said to have invented that impious instrument known as the telescope, and certainly did discover the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the phases of Venus and Mars and other unscrupulous and heretical phenomena. What did the Mother of Science do? The Council of Salamanca condemned Columbus's views as irreligious and heretical, and proved by the Pentateuch and Gospels, by Sts. Chrysostom and Jerome, Basil and Ambrose that the earth was flat. Galileo was tortured by the Inquisition and compelled on bended knees to swear that his writings were lies and his discoveries humbugs, and the book of Copernicus—he fortunately died before it was published—was by the Inquisition declared to be heretical, and the Congregation of the Index forbade its use as "that false Pythagorean doctrine utterly contrary to the Holy Scriptures."

This is calm, unbiassed, irrefutable history.

The next upstart was Giordano Bruno, an Italian, born under the twin influences of Catholicism and macaroni, and who therefore should have known better. Now, what did Bruno do? Why Bruno went to work and actually said he believed Copernicus was right—Bruno did—and then Bruno tackled the stars with a telescope, and wrote about the infinity of the Universe, hinted there were other worlds than ours, and was brazen enough, in addition to all this impiety, to observe and comment upon the flaming sun which appeared in Cassiopeia in 1572. That's what Bruno did. And what did the Mother of Science do? Why the Mother of Science had him properly dragged to Rome in chains, charged him with heresy, said his doctrine of other worlds was opposed to the Scripture and subversive of the plan of salvation, and then, by way of showing her appreciation of his researches

and to encourage others to follow in his footsteps, she burned him at the stake in Rome, February 16th, 1600.

In the face of all this, it is useless to deny that the Church of Rome has done a great deal for Science. She claims to have warmed Science into life. She certainly warmed it.

When Monsignor Capel lightly tossed off his claim for the Mother of Science, therefore, he instructed us in some startling novelties. He quoted Secchi, an eminent living Jesuit astronomer, as an instance of the devotion of the Church to Science. But Secchi lives in the 19th century. Suppose Secchi had lived in 1600? We instinctively shudder for Secchi at the bare thought.

Is Monsignor Capel a heretic himself? Does he not know that in saying that man's reason was given him to work out his salvation he gives an accolade to agnosticism, and flies in the face of that dogma, promulgated not fourteen years ago, which damns him who says that "the doctrines of the Church must be taken in another sense than that in which the Church has ever received them?" How has the Church received astronomy, until recently, except according to Ptolemy? How interpreted Genesis, except literally, and *not* according to the revelations of geology and other blasphemous sciences? Has she ever accepted evolution? Yet these, submitted to unbiassed human reason, are ever accepted according to modern formulæ. Is the Church then schismatic to her old self? Is she finding out that Basil and Chrysostom, Gregory and Augustine, Jerome and Ambrose were not inspired doctors after all, but mere human twaddlers, and is she now endeavoring to reconcile her past with the march of progress and promulgate new doctrines?

Ah, large and episcopal expounder—you are in deep water—you and your Church. You have been compelled to repudiate your dear Inquisition, an institution sanctioned by your infallible popes and solemn councils, and which with holy scourges tortured three hundred thousand human beings for exercising their reason, and burned thirty-three thousand at the stake. What a savory burnt offering for God's nostrils! You have been forced, step by step, from your geocentric doctrines to a belief in the infinity of the Universe. How it has belittled you!—you writhe under it. Your clutch has been torn from the throat of France, of Spain, of Portugal, of Italy itself. Your pontiff, from dictator of kings is sunk to the level of alms-taker. Where you once commanded—you now beg. Where you threatened, you plead. Your thunders of the Vatican—are weak and pitiful yelps now. Your Papal bulls are all oxen in these days. Yet you cry, "Lo, we are strong as ever." Are you? Where is your spiritual or your temporal power? Sway you the destinies of nations as you did four centuries ago? Call you kings to Rome in sackcloth and ashes? Where be your anathemas now? your Torquemada? your pragmatics? Where, your Inquisition? Who fears your anger or courts your pleasure? Did not you, yourself, in all your bravery of purple, meet the Jew, the heretic and the infidel on the ground of debate, and thus recognize their equality. Pah, Monsignor. Come not to America to prate of the Mother of Science, the Church of Roman Reason and the Divine Institution of Faith. Try not with us to identify yourself with progress. If you are indeed the Church of Rome, you are the Church of the Dark Ages—and we want none of you. If not that Church—you are a modern institution and we want none of you still. We prefer Mr. Jasper's doctrine that "the sun do move." We move.

C.

TO WINDWARD.

A Cosmopolitan Romance. By Mary Ann Crowfoot.

CHAPTER I.

THE Marchese Bibuloso Macaroni derived his descent unbroken from Quintus Curtius. He inherited from his father a gift for languages, a palace in the most expensive part of "the two Romes," and a well-filled family tomb. His uncle was a rich Cardinal



and wore a red berretta. The Marchese was not married, but he had given his sister somewhat reluctantly, to be sure, to a Russian diplomat, whose ancestors on his mother's side were children of Rurik, and on his father's a Tartar Khan, a Georgian Tsar, and a Persian Shah, and who bore the proud name of Prince Alexei Alexandrovitch Kherubimovski. The prince, when he happened to be particularly hard up, sent his wife, with their children, governesses, servants and horses to occupy the abundant room afforded by the Macaroni palace.

On the January afternoon which is forever distinguished by the beginning of this story, the Marchese sat with his sister in his private boudoir.

"Go West, young man," the Princess was saying. "Forget this fancy! Come back heart whole and then marry a woman worthy of you."

"But," the Marchese retorted, "we are not bound by caste. We are not Hindoos, and you must offer some other inducement to make me change my mind. My mind is made up."

Donna Dianamaria rose abruptly and yawned as she went to the window, "Your American Hypatia has red hair and black eyes and the temper of an Iguanodon."

"I deny it; but even if she has, she once attended a course at the Concord School of Philosophy, and she knows how to control it. I shall offer her my hand this very evening."

The Princess was inclined to be angry with her brother, but she resolved not to break with him yet.

CHAPTER II.

MISS Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta Tomson was suffering from a fit. It had come on gradually, like the effects of a mad dog's bite, which, physicians say, may lurk in the blood until death. She kept re-

peating the classic phrase: "When the mind is izzing then it is thinging thingness."

Her madness took that form. She had declined breakfast, and had shut herself in her gorgeous room. Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta was no ordinary girl. Her father was a naturalized Scotch-Irish American, who had emigrated to Canada, married a Creole who was visiting her grandmother in Montreal, and having speculated rashly in New York, and embezzled in Boston, came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor and took his daughter to Rome.



SHE HAD DECLINED BREAKFAST.

Marietta's fit was disturbed by the entrance of two girls. One was a Hungarian who pirouetted about the room, singing gaily the familiar song, "Jerölembe kisbabám." The other was a Swede, whose name, translated into English, signified Miss Emptiness. No one knows why they came in. Nevertheless, after discussing space and time and a mutton chop, she confided to their single-hearted ears the astonishing news that the Marchese Bibuloso Macaroni had proposed to her father. "Oh, yes, he accepted him at once," she said, in reply to their eager inquiries: "When the mind is izzing, then it is thinging thingness." The two girls went out together expressing their jealousy in a bitter mixture of Hebrew, Norwegian, Magyar, French, Italian and English, and the curious thing about it is, that they were never seen again.

Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta took out a photograph of the Marchese. "Yes, he'll do, but he ain't half so pretty as—as—you know who." This was an aside to herself. And she giggled.

CHAPTER III.

THE heavy, semi-asphyxiated air of the ball-room was full of lint from the ruffled carpet. Tuberoses, heliotrope and Carnations vied with the perfumery of half a thousand handkerchiefs. A fiddle-string snapped, fit symbol of human affection, or the human heart, or china plates, or any thing else frangible. Still, the dance went on. None heeded.

The Princess Dianamaria saw her brother come in with Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta Tomson on his arm. She resolved to be magnanimous. She made herself happen to look the other way and thus saved her the pain of feeling that she was purposely cut. The Marchese waltzed M. T. T. Tomson into an ante-room. Blessed waltz! When King David, perhaps, setting the custom even for ladies' costumes, danced before the ark, he undoubtedly danced the diagonal.

No one but servants were in the ante-room. No one heeded. "Mademoiselle," he said in low and earnest French, as they seated themselves in the shade of an umbrageous palm, "I have proposed and been accepted by Monsieur, your paterfamilias. Will

you name the day?" M. T. T. Tomson examined in



"MADEMOISELLE," HE SAID IN LOW
AND EARNEST FRENCH.

thought the state of her father's funds. She did not love the swarthy Italian, but he was rich, and it occurred to her that as his uncle had been a Cardinal, Bibuloso might rise to be Pope. "Next week, Wednesday—as Wednesday is a good day for wed'n's," she weakly murmured. Bibuloso kissed her icy finger tips. A man resting a moment from the labor of dancing saw that something was up. His experience told him what it was.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Cardinal, with much pains, having invoked a Papal dispensation, since the bride was a Swedenborgian buddhist, married the young couple in a chapel in the Vatican. The Marchese immediately took a furnished villa at Sorrento, because Marietta had once been interested in wood-carving.

At sunset they were walking on the terrace. "How green it is," said Marietta, trying to overcome a secret half-acknowledged repugnance to macaroni. "What is green, *caramia*?" he whispered. "Why! cheese." "What should have suggested cheese?" "Oh," said Marietta, with a half blush, "it must have been your name."

From this moment she began to feel that the Italian did not appreciate her jokes. Life grew stale.



AT SUNSET THEY WERE WALKING ON THE TERRACE.

(To be Concluded.)

A VALENTINE.

A VALENTINE to you, my love,
The urchin, Cupid, brings,
O'erflowing with the longings of
The heart of him who sings.
'T is full of tenderness you 'll find,
And very sentimental;
But, pray you, to its faults be blind,
And to its pleading, gentle.

Love lurks in every letter, true!—
The day forgives the crime—
And then, remember, love, 't is you
Who make the rhymester rhyme.
So do n't blame Cupid if I scrawl,
In fashion, stylography,
A sentence very sweet, and call
It "admirable taffy."

I know he wears a gauzy mask,—
This strategy is mine,
Who am too timid, love, to ask
You—"Be my Valentine!"
But if your guesses fail to hit
My name, do n't let that fret you!
If you 'll be mine, that settles it!
I 'll call around and get you! F. D. S.

THE Stamp Act—A clog dance.

AN onkneesy position.—Tying a girl's shoe.

THE Vassar girl's favorite Roman hero.—Marius.

TRIUMPH of matter over mind—A disobedient child.

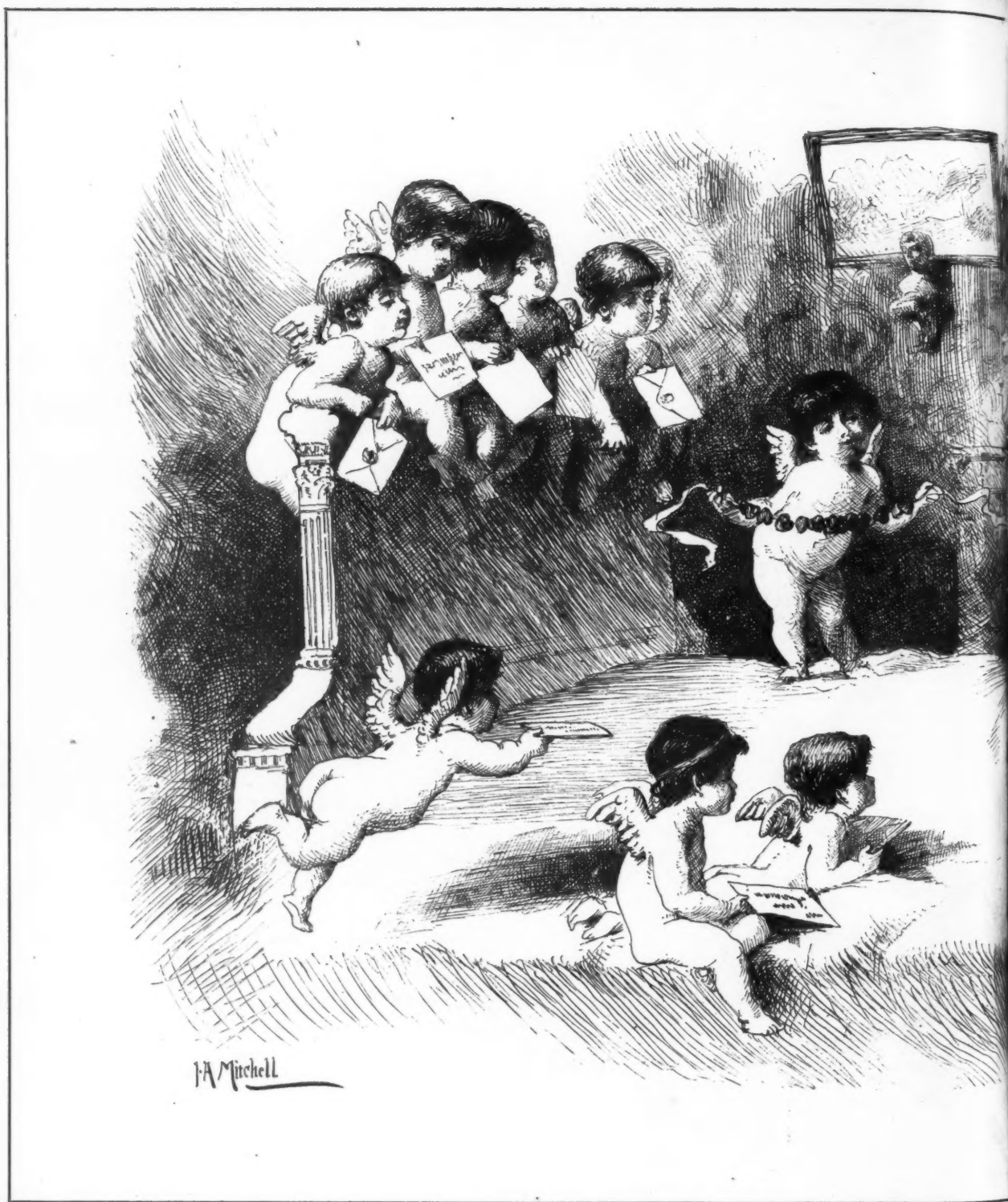
THE patron saint of the modern parlor stove.—St. Nicholas.

It was a fireman's parade headed by a brass band. As they turned the corner, Gus Cæsar, who was holding up a hitching-post, spelled out the letters, "E. P-l-u-r-i-b-u-s U-n-u-m," painted on the head of the big drum. "Now, Jake, now, wha-what's that?" he asked of a lank negro standing under the awning with his mouth open. "Do n't yer know nuffin?" was the reply. "Can't yer read? Dat's de name ob de man wot made de drum."

UNFORGOTTEN.

A YEAR ago I promised thee
White rosebuds, for a valentine.
Dear, through thy slumber canst thou see
(A year ago I promised thee!)
That now I lay them, reverently,
In those fair, folded hands of thine?
A year ago I promised thee
White rosebuds for a valentine.

E. G. S.



ST. VALENTINE

AN EMBASSY TO THE WHO



ENT MORNING.
O THE WHO READS LIFE

RETRIBUTION.

AS we journey through life let us live by the way,
Was the motto of cynical bachelor Gray.
Devoted to yachting and partial to men,
A rubber of whist and a bite after ten.

His bachelor rooms were a picture of ease,
A place to be happy and go as you please,
A place where the boys would drop in for a call
'Till he was the father confessor of all.

For they feared not a rival in one of his style
Who said, with a calm little cynical smile,
"Collectively, woman is almost divine;
Individually, thank you, not any in mine."

In her crib-age sweet Daisy De Lancy St. Clair
Was a laughing-eyed lassy, bewilderingly fair;
From her *début* she reigned, a society queen,
On her launch in the swim at that sauce-age, sixteen.

She swung through her cycle, the rage for a day,
A banged, bangled goddess, *distingul', au fait*,
Endowed with the gifts that the gods can impart,
But one thing was lacking—she needed a heart.

'Tis true, they were laid at her feet by the score;
Possession created a passion for more
'Till weary of conquest she eagerly sought
For a fellow who would n't, or could n't be caught.

The mystical, magical, soft summer moon
Is tinting the shingle one evening in June,
When bachelor Gray saunters in on the scene,
Cool, calm and collected, and blandly serene.

At last she has found him, the mythical knight,
Supremely indifferent, amusing, polite.
Piqued, puzzled, defeated, she does not despair,
But goes for his scalp with an innocent air.

The cynic believes, as the days follow fast,
That dotage is creeping upon him at last;
For really he dotes, on the quiet, you know,
On the girl with the bang, and her bangles, and beaux.

He scolds himself *romantic*, grows nervous and blue,
And, after resolving that marriage won't do,
Goes up like a rocket, comes down like a stick,
Says, wilt thou? she wilts, and becomes Mrs. Dick.

No, not at the moment, but later, you know,
With fuss, fixings, flowers, and smuggled *trousseau*,
By a clerical gent in the orthodox way,
In a church with a parsonage down on Broadway.

JAY B. JUNIOR.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (to bright boy): "Now, Tommy, what is the outward and visible sign in baptism?"

BRIGHT BOY: "The baby, marm." (Sunday School Teacher blushes, and boys snigger.)

"A WINK is as good as a nod" to the boy at a soda fountain.

A MAN skilled in forging.—A blacksmith.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LESSON IX.—Hysteria.

1. YOUNG ladies are the most frequent sufferers from this malady. As a general rule, the appearance in the room of an able-bodied mouse, or the discovery that a peripatetic caterpillar is promenading over their person will produce hysterics.

2. When affected, they alternately indulge in automatic laughter and spasmodic weeping.

3. After the removal of the immediate cause, the patient should be soothed and quieted.

4. In order to prepare for the most violent form—in which a straight-jacket must be resorted to—a measure should be taken of the patient's waist.

5. To do this, a man ought to have a previous knowledge of the exact length of his arm. The measurement can then be easily made without the use of a tape-line.

6. It is well to take this measure several times, as absolute accuracy is indispensable.

7. This generally begins to soothe her.

8. If her big brother is present, send him for the doctor before beginning treatment.

9. Statistics prove that twice as many cases of hysteria occur in church as occur at the minstrels. There is an instructive moral somewhere in this.

10. If a *man* apparently has the hysterics, leave him alone. He has probably heard that Tilden and Hendricks are the Democratic candidates for next November, and won't stop laughing until he gets tired.

H. L. S.

A MAN born to rule.—A measurer.

A WICK-ED thing.—A lamp.

TAFFY FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

A TOMBSTONE, and a very thin one at that, in a cemetery at Berkshire, Mass., bears the inscription—"To the memory of J— S—, erected gratuitously by his brother. It is n't very often that a Massachusetts man does anything for nothing, and when he does he does n't propose to hide his subscription under a bushel. Not much. As a general thing, it he hid it under a thimble, he'd have to grope around half a day before he found it.

Z. Y.

[We have a suspicion that Z. Y. is not a Massachusetts man.—ED.]

A CAUGHT beauty—One who marries a bogus English lord.

A PROOF of the triumph of mind over matter—That a mason can make a brick-walk.

TOMMY.

LITTLE Tommy, the kid,
Was gentle and kind,
Just an innocent baby
As ever you 'd find ;
He frisked and he jumped,
And whatever he 'd do
Was thought wondrous funny ;
But Tommy—he grew.

Big Tommy, the Goat,
No longer a snoozer—
Had horns long and sharp,
Which he knew how to use, sir ;
He ruined the clothes,
He ate up the cabbages,
And the neighbors at last
Sued his master for damages.

He was a prisoner in the police court.

"He limped, your honor, pretending he was lame, and was begging," said the policeman.

He was fined five dollars by the Justice, who remarked that his limpid ways were too transparent.

THE DARWINIAN'S VALENTINE.

WHEN you and I were monkeys,
A million years ago,
We lived amid the nutmeg trees
On the coast of Borneo.

So many other things we did,
My recollection fails ;
But where we could n't use our paws,
We hung on with our tails.

But since we've shuffled off these tails,
Have hands instead of paws ;
We must, like human bipeds, live
Obedient to the laws.

Ape, monkey and chimpanzee !
Love led v' in your line,
And bids us choose each other
For a life-long valentine.

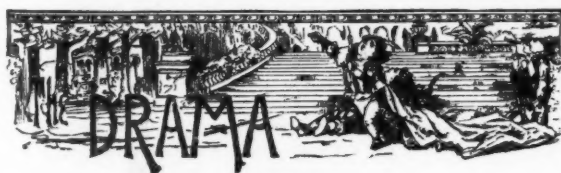
A. A. W.

He who bloweth his own trumpet
awakeneth the sweetest echoes.—
Joseph Cook.



(Not) **A TOUCHING STORY.**

His new French valet: "O, M'SIEUR, SUCH A MALHEUR ! I PUT ZE PARCEL UNDER MY ARM AND I GO VERRA QUICK AS M'SIEUR INSTRUCTED ME, TO FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND I COME TO ZE HOUSE, AND I LOOK UNDER MY ARM AND ZE PARCEL VAS GONE ! ! ! ! !"



ALPINE ROSES.

MR. H. H. BOYSEN is a clever and accomplished literary man. At any rate, he was clever and accomplished until a few nights ago, when—inspired by a fatal ambition—he produced his first play, "Alpine Roses," at the Madison Square Theatre. His purpose was harmless, undoubtedly ; the play was meant as a simple, unpretentious, bright little thing, nothing

more ; what is also to the point, this was Mr. Boyesen's single indiscretion in writing for the stage. On the morning after the production of his piece, however, Mr. Boyesen must have looked upon himself with new eyes. If he had posed as an iconoclast of the stage, with the egotism and pomposity of a reformer, he could not have been considered with more solemnity than he was by several esteemed but excited contemporaries. Most of the theatrical critics seemed to take it for granted that Mr. Boyesen's aspiration o'erleapt itself. They handled him with sapient profundity. The play, they found, was not the ultimatum of genius. It was not great, original, nor powerful. It told an old story. Its motive was inadequate and *rococo*. Its characters were unreal. Its dialogue was monotonous and colorless. One journal, which attacked it with savage levity ; which, as it were, raised poor Boyesen's scalp and then whooped lustily, described



SPORT.

Visitor from the city (who has been missing game all the morning): "DID I HIT ANYTHING THAT TIME?"
Disgusted Host: "YOU HAVE, SIR; A COW IN THE NEXT FIELD, AND THE OWNER IS COMING THIS WAY WITH A COUPLE OF DOGS."

the play as a "symphony in skim-milk." It might as well have been described as an adagio in red, white, and blue.

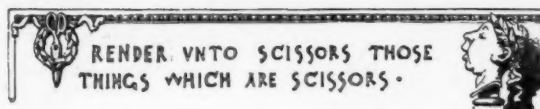
It goes without saying that Mr. Boyesen is "a damned literary feller." That settles him. He can not, of course, write a play. The persons who discovered that Mr. Bartley Campbell's feeble, strained and ridiculous drama, "Separation"—ridiculous in spite of its merits, which were frankly pointed out here last week—is a fine and thoughtful play, have pounced upon Mr. Boyesen with forcible agility. Nothing could be more conventional, more untruthful than the motive in "Separation." It has been slashed to death by play-mongers for the last century. Moreover, Mr. Campbell had not courage enough to attack this motive himself. He built on an improbability. He has one situation, and this had been used before with better effect. Finally, the third and fourth acts of "Separation" are useless pudding. Yet "Separation" is thought an admirable work, and "Alpine Roses" is what certain linguistic experts call an "artistic failure." Well, I should be glad to set myself on record with a failure that is artistic.

Again, it was said that Mr. Boyesen's play was brilliantly acted, that the acting was better than the play. Nonsense. The acting was uncertain and misdirected, for the most part. At least four of the chief characters were done without spirit and understanding. The only successful performers in the cast were Mr. Lemoyne, Mr. Clarke, Miss Cayvan, and Miss Burroughs. Yet even Mr. Clarke straddled vaguely between tragedy and farce; while Miss Burroughs, a charming though inexperienced actress, was unable to express the real spirit of a young girl who is at once light-hearted and true-hearted, frivolous and womanly. It was acknowledged at the theatre, after the first performance of "Alpine Roses," that this play had not been given fairly by the actors. The acting now is by no means what it was then. If it had been in the right spirit at first, would it have been modified substantially?

But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Boyesen has written something better than a "skim-milk" symphony, with an inadequate motive and unreal characters. His play, it is true, starts from a conventional ground-plan. We have all heard of the trim and well

spoken Alpine maids who meet romantic young noblemen and, as a rule, marry them or are betrayed by them. Nevertheless, in spite of his conventional starting-point, Mr. Boyesen has carried his play forward with freshness and vigor. The romantic nobleman in this case is an entertaining and humorous fellow, who is not sure whether he loves one sister or the other. The sisters are charming realities, though unnecessarily idealized for the Alpine business. The intrigue into which they fall is not especially extravagant in a romantic play. There is honest, outdoor passion in the strong love episode of the play. The devotion of Ilka to Hansel, and the spontaneous warmth of this savage mountaineer, are entirely genuine, Irma, the other sister, is buoyant and gay, but capable of self-sacrifice and deep love. Finally, Mr. Boyesen's story, with its drawbacks and charms, is coherently and picturesquely shown in action, and its situations are imagined rationally. The characters strike one as human characters of the average sort, chiefly because they are composed of various elements. An absolute character, of the average sort, is not apt to be an abstraction of virtue or vice. There is, of course, romantic exaggeration, as there is romantic conventionalism, in Mr. Boyesen's play. No one would call this an original or lasting work. But it is a clear, interesting work from its own point of view, and it is written with discrimination and fancy. The poetic earnestness which is given to the speed of Hansel and Ilka is certainly unlike the flippant good-humor of Dornfeld, the vulgar candor of Hahn, the worldly talk of Steinegg, or the stately utterance of Countess von Dornfeld. Mr. Boyesen has made a good beginning. He has not been unsuccessful.

G. E. M.



DUDETTIC LEAP YEAR.

He.
THE jigjog swings on the cradleberry bough,
The mollycod pines on the lea;
The tittlebat squirbles his love-born vow,
So, so, dearest maid, love I thee.

She.
Down where the crocodile smiles in the sun,
There, there, darling kid, should we flee;
And oh! like the winkywunk when the day is done,
I skittle if I tottle not to thee.

He.
The felis bug gurgles his song in the air,
The organ lugger trills for you and me;
The perrygram skiddles the old armchair,
Thus, thus, Dalmanutha, love I thee.

She.
And oh! Onesiphorus, the old brown mare
Is spavining for love, as also we;
And up where the minister waits in his lair,
I shall giggle if I skedaddle not with thee.

"Did you put it in with tacks or putty?" asked a merchant traveler for a Pittsburgh glass house, as he gazed, in an absent-minded way, at the hotel clerk's diamond.—*Merchant Traveler.*

AN Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after the wedding applied to his tribe to have his name changed.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was one of the first men to "go West."
—*Texas Siftings.*

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LOST ARTHUR AINSLEIGH.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*.]

"Yes, papa," Beryl began. "I am in love—nay, more than that, I have pledged my troth."

"How much did you get on it?" asked the banker.

"You misunderstand me," replied Beryl. "I have pledged myself to become the bride of the only man I can ever love—Arthur Ainsleigh."

"What?" almost shouted the banker, "that dry goods clerk?"

"Yes," was the reply in clear, resonant tones. "I love him, and despite your sneers I shall marry him. It is no crime for a man to be a dry goods clerk."

"No," said Mr. Setback, thoughtfully, "but it ought to be," and for a moment silence fell between them.

The father was the first to speak. "I do not care for wealth," he said, "when the subject of your future husband is considered, and I could overlook his paper-on-the-wall pants, but Arthur Ainsleigh is a debauchee."

"T is false," cried the girl. "Prove your words to be true, and I will renounce him forever; but should you not do so, I will fulfill my promise to him at once."

"I accept the test," was the reply, and kissing his daughter fondly, Harold Setback left the house.

"So I can have the detective?"

"Yes. One of our best men will ingratiate himself with this young man of whom you have spoken, and if he has the slightest tendency to dissipation he is lost."

"Very well," said the banker. "Good day."

"Good day."

"Enough! This is horrible."

Beryl Setback speaks almost appealingly to her father as she stands with him in front of a gilded haunt of vice and beholds Arthur Ainsleigh leaning against the bar in a state of beastly intoxication—he whom she had loved with such a passionate fervor that at times she forgot about her corn. "Let us go away, papa," she said in tones that were almost a sob, "I shall never see him again."

"How much is your bill?"

The detective stood by the banker's desk. "Five dollars for my time," he said.

"But were there no other expenses? He seemed very far gone when I saw him."

"Oh yes," replied the detective, "forty cents for that part of it. I had to buy two lemonades and a package of cigarettes before he was full enough to have the young lady see him."

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—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

"If there's anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection amongst the members of a family."

SHE went into a store to buy some toilet soap, and when the clerk was expatulating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase; but, when he said "it would keep off chaps," she remarked that she did n't want that kind.—*Dispatch.*

AT A RESTAURANT. *Particular One:* "Hum—aw! Where's the liver with this cod steak?"
Waiter (jocularly): "This cod don't seem to 'ave 'ad any liver, sir; leastways I 'ave n't seen one."
Particular One: "Hum—aw! Happy cod."
—*Moonshine.*

DURING some recent festivities in Scotland, Count Herbert Von Bismarck, while out shooting with the Prince of Wales, peppered 'is roil 'ighness' legs with shot, doing very small damage. The trouble with these great men when they go out to shoot, is that they load too heavily. Their guns? Oh, no; not exactly. No, the guns are straight enough.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

DUMLEY had taken the landlady's daughter to the theatre and, as usual, had business outside between the acts.

"Do you see young Brown over there?" he said to the young woman.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, he is a man I expect to paralyze some day."

"Are you going out to see another man at the conclusion of this act?" she asked.

"Yes," Dumley said, reluctantly, "I am afraid I shall have to; he is waiting for me now."

"Well," said the landlady's daughter, "I do n't like Mr. Brown very much either, and I will tell you what to do. When you return from seeing the gentleman outside who is waiting for you, just step over to where Mr. Brown is sitting and breathe on him. That will paralyze him."—*Scientific American.*

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